

The sun used to shine while we too walked
Slowly together, pained & stunted
Again, & sometimes mused. Sometimes talked
As either pleased, & cheerfully parted

Each night. We never designed
Whither to rest on. To the point
And the to come we paid small heed.
We turned from men or party

To remnants of the war remote
Only till both stood disinclined
For aught but the yellow flavoured core
Of an apple wasps had undermined;

Or the sentry of Earth betimes,
The stretch of small flowers in earth,
At the forest verge, or crocuses
Pale purple as if they had their birth

In similar Hades fields. ~~And~~ the war
Came back to mind with the morning
Which soldiers in the east yet
Beheld thin. Nevertheless our eyes

Could as well imagine the Crusades
Or Caesar's battles. Everything
To faintness like these remnants fades -
Like the brook the stars' glittering
Under that moonlight, - like the ore walks
Now, - like us too that took them, and
The fallen apples, all the talks
And silences, - like memory's sand
When the tide covers it late or soon,
And other men through other flowers
In those fields under the large moon
Go calling and have easy houses